OREGON VOICE MAGAZINE

THE SANDWICH ISSUE

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Issue 2

OREGON
VOICE
SANDWICH

Sandwich Artists

2023

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Letter from the Editor

Sandwiches.

What to say…

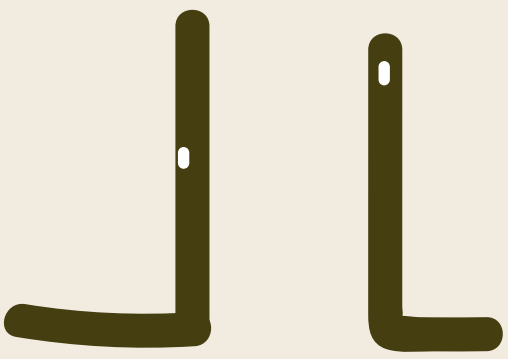
Bread, lettuce, meats, and cheeses.
Maybe some fun condiments.

I'm not here to tell ya what to put in them.
But, I can show you how we've filled these pages with all the great ingredients for a submarine sized publication.

Poetry, drawings, sculptures, essays, dance, photography, and a lengthy review of an expedition carried out by creative's best.
A clan of 5 on the hunt to learn all along that the best sandwich of all is friendship.
And sandwiches.

My new year's resolution was to buy cold cuts and cheese from a deli counter, for sandwiches.
That has yet to happen.

Happy reading, this is a real fun one. Thank you all for contributing.
Paige Wells, Editor-in-Chief

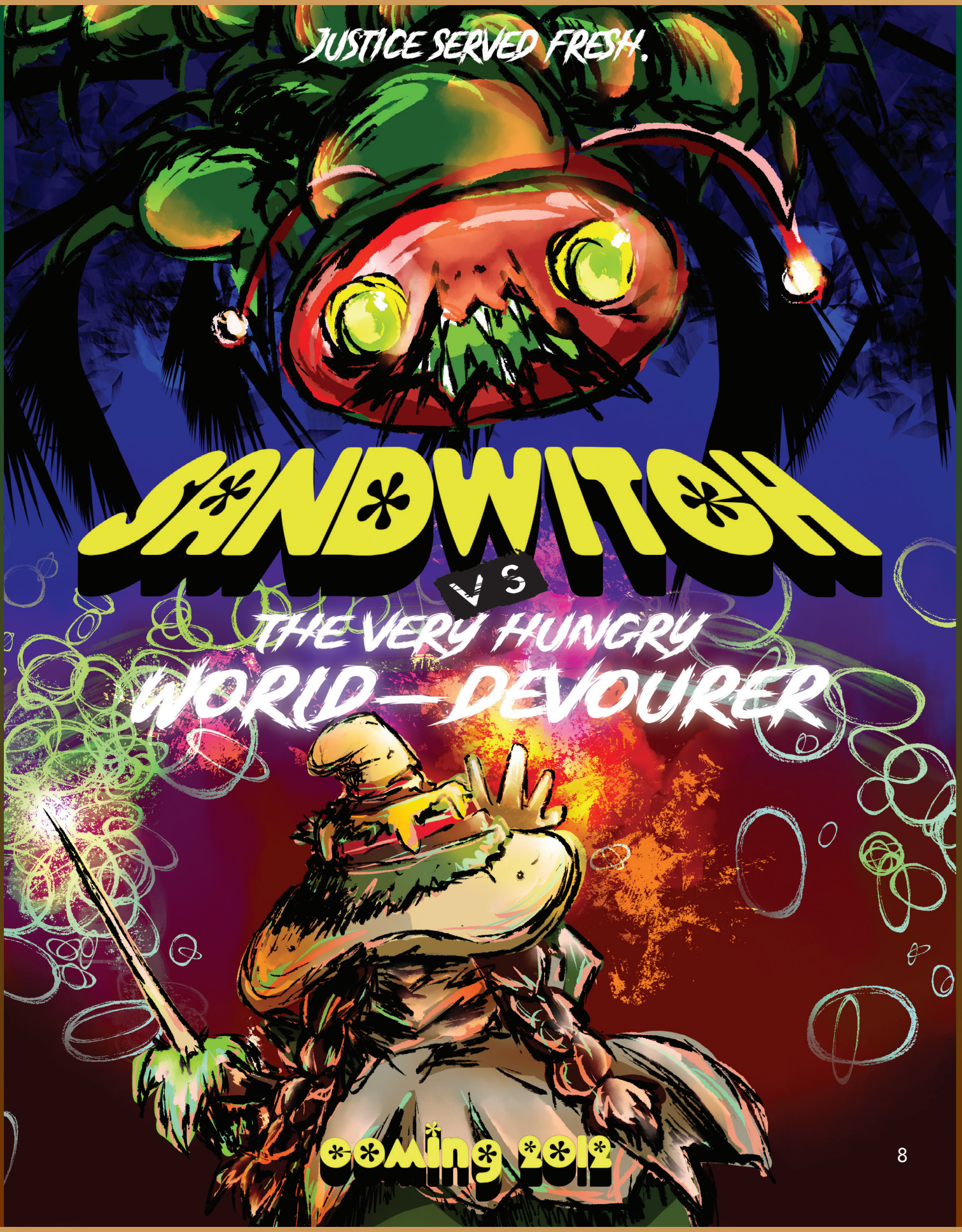


"I THINK OF COLLAGES
AS VISUAL SANDWICHES"

JULIA STALNAKER

Julia Stalnaker

Invincibles


JUSTICE SERVED FRESH.
SANDWICH
VS
THE VERY HUNGRY
WORLD-DEVOURER
coming 2012

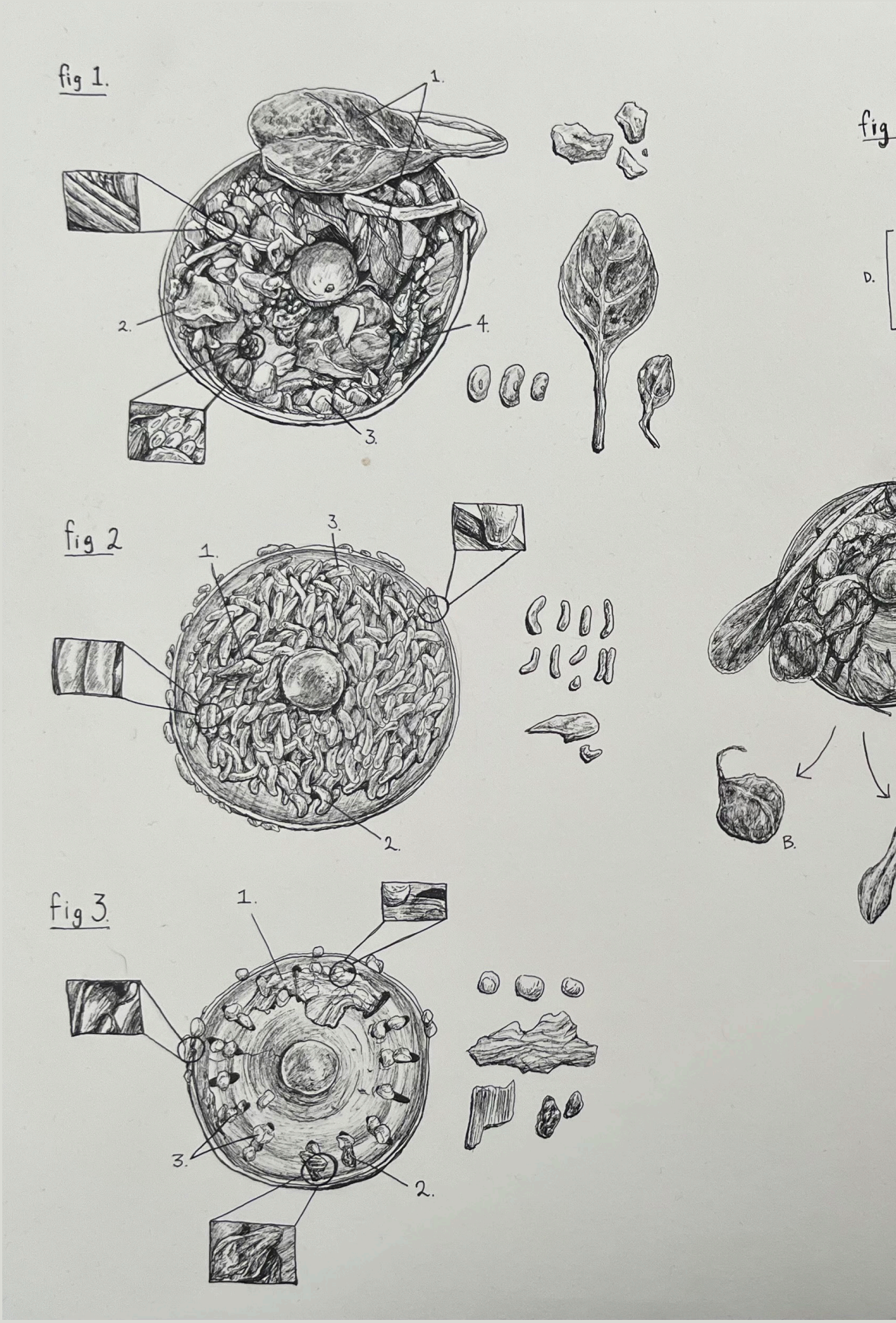


fig 1.
1.
2.
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fig 2
1.
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fig 3.
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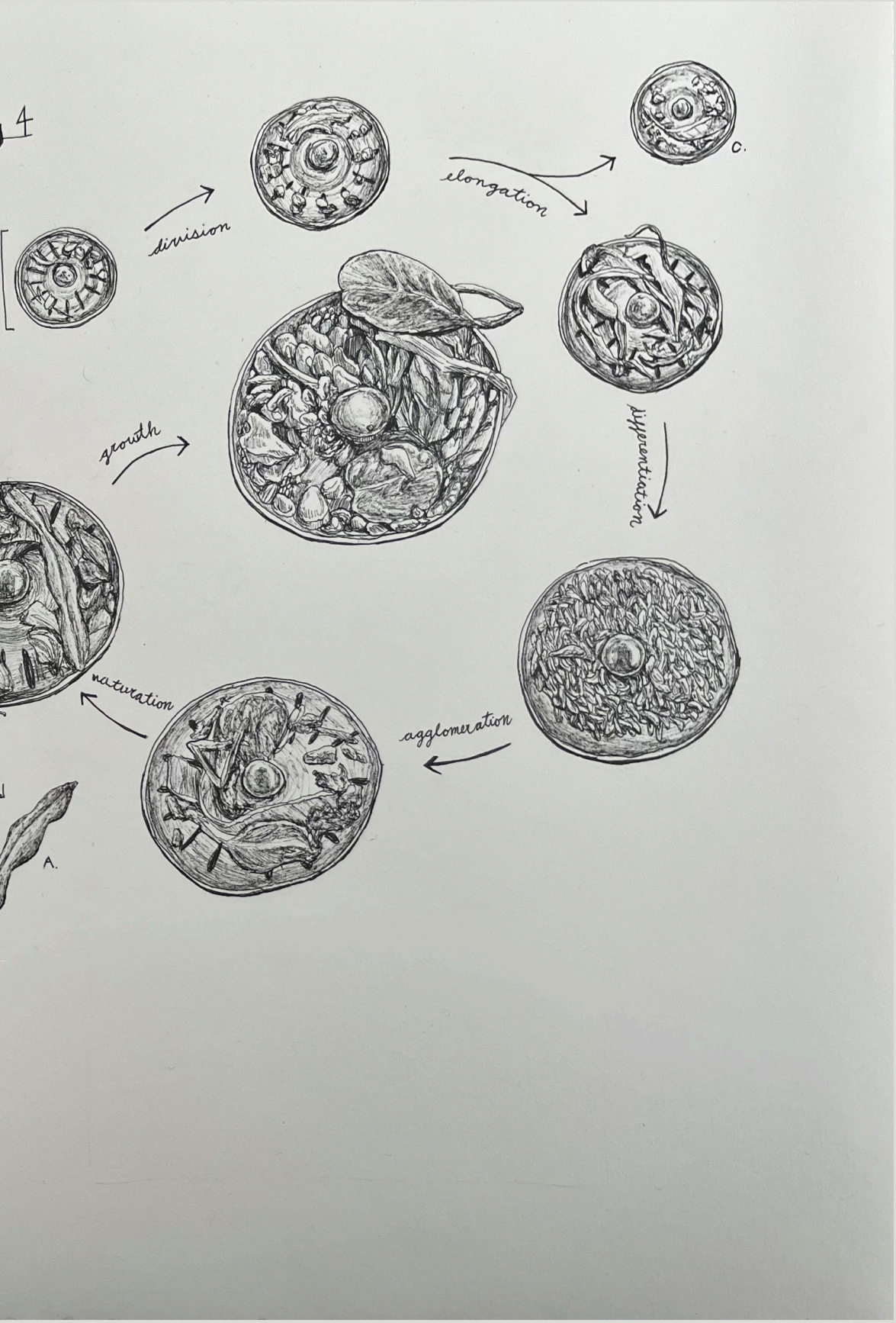
fig
D.
B.


division
elongation
C.
growth
differentiation
maturation
agglomeration
A.

Emma Freedman

A Word Against Sandos

I hate to call a sandwich a *sando*. My mouth dries
at the thought. I want a taste of grand whole-grain

toast, not sandy Oregon coast. We've lost

the best part of the royal name: the *wich*!

Sandwich sings and weeps, melts like cheese, crunches like
crisp lettuce and casts a spell. Let us end this wich hunt at once!

Paige Wells

What A Bore

Blood has been pouring out of the sink,
And I think my mother forgot to call me.
I do not mind.
Yesterday, I was rendered speechless
By the glare of Medusa
(I met her at a party).
Today, I found a piece of lint in my pants
And cried.
My therapist made me meditate.
I liked it actually.
I am beginning to remember that I hate
That girl from Nebrask who complains
And complains and complains and
Doesn't ask me things.
I am perfect and have lists.
I find solace in sweeping my floor,
And reflecting on the taste of mouths.
I taste like mint.
I am well-fed and generally content.
I suppose I may be falling in love again.
I don't want to, but I will let myself.
It is kind of fun
(For a while).
Writing is a silly task.
Someday I will return to Earth and show people their space garbage.
What a laugh riot that will be.
Oh,
They might be dead.

This

Edible..... or
7/11 cold cuts..... or
Projectile a BLT..... or
Jared from Subway..... or
Sandwhich puns..... or
Build your own..... or
Food poison fart..... or
Lettuce wrap..... or
Dry..... or
Astronaut launch-meat... or

R That

Inedible.....	5.00
Sweaty Oscar Meyer.....	7.00
“I’m fine guys.”.....	3.00
The Hamburglar.....	10.00
Sandwich buns.....	9.00
Order from the menu....	5.00
Vom.....	75.00
An actual sandwich.....	1.00
Condimented out.....	13.00
Being on a roll.....	23.00

MAKEUP TRICKS TO DRIVE EVERYONE CRAZY

1. Bejewel yourself so that you blind everyone in your way.
2. Grab those sticky restaurant mints and go ham. You'll be everyone's favorite snack.
3. Juice two succulent cherry tomatoes on your face and feel the acid burn. Your skin will glow burning red, yum.

ZODIAC SIGNS AS SANDWICHES

ARIES
spicy chicken sandwich
spicy and fiesty

TAURUS
caprese sandwich
simple but indulgent

GEMINI
peanut butter and jelly
salty and sweet

CANCER
ice cream sandwich
emotional support sandwich

LEO
meatball sub
the 'extra' sandwich

VIRGO
chicken pesto
detail oriented

LIBRA
italian sub
the 'pretty' sandwich

SCORPIO
french dip
mature but elitist

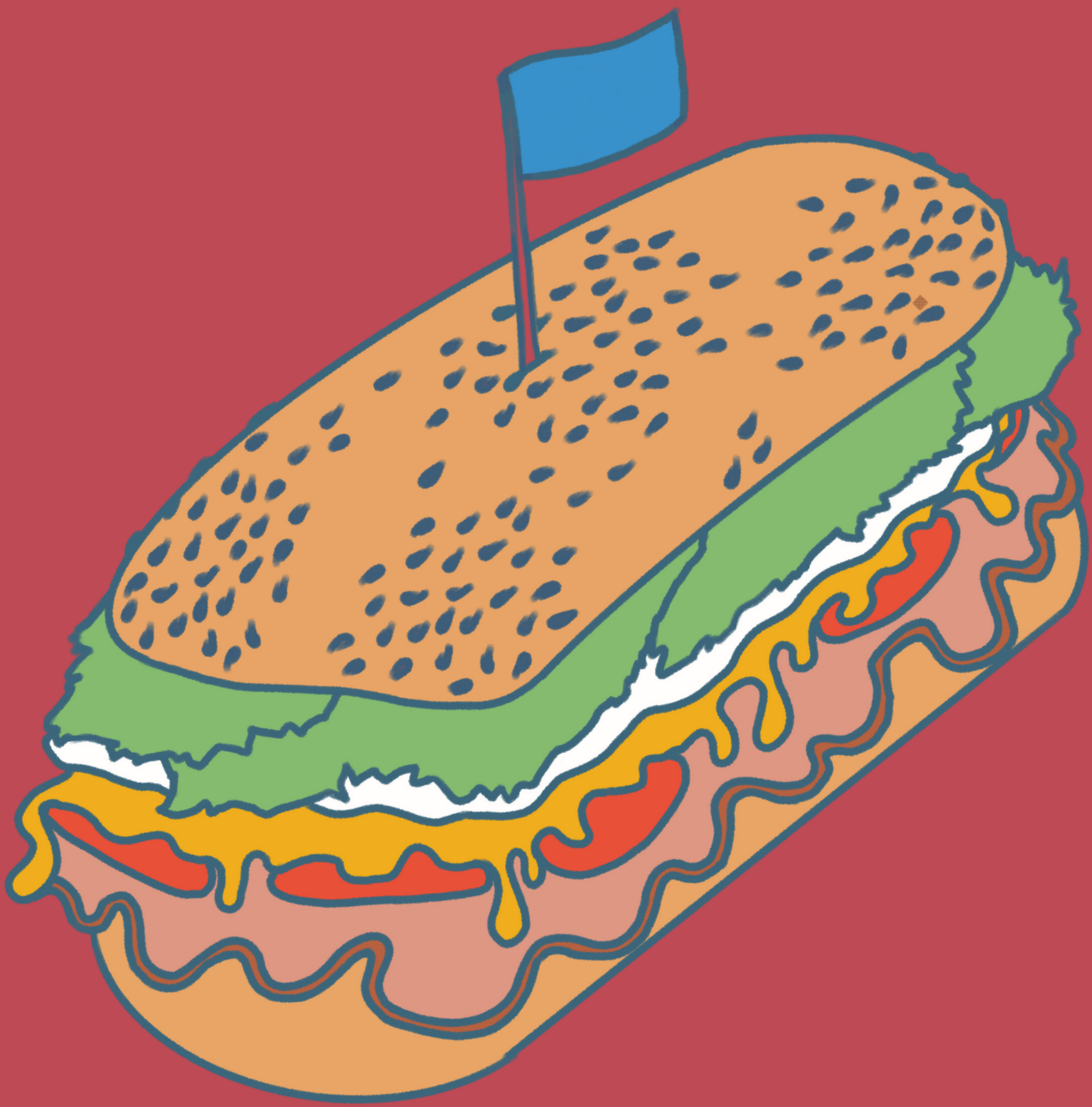
SAGITTARIUS
prosciutto apple brie
the 'cool' sandwich

CAPRICORN
blt
the 'ol' reliable'

AQUARIUS
ham and cheese
chill and laidback

PISCES
grilled cheese
the 'comfort' sandwich

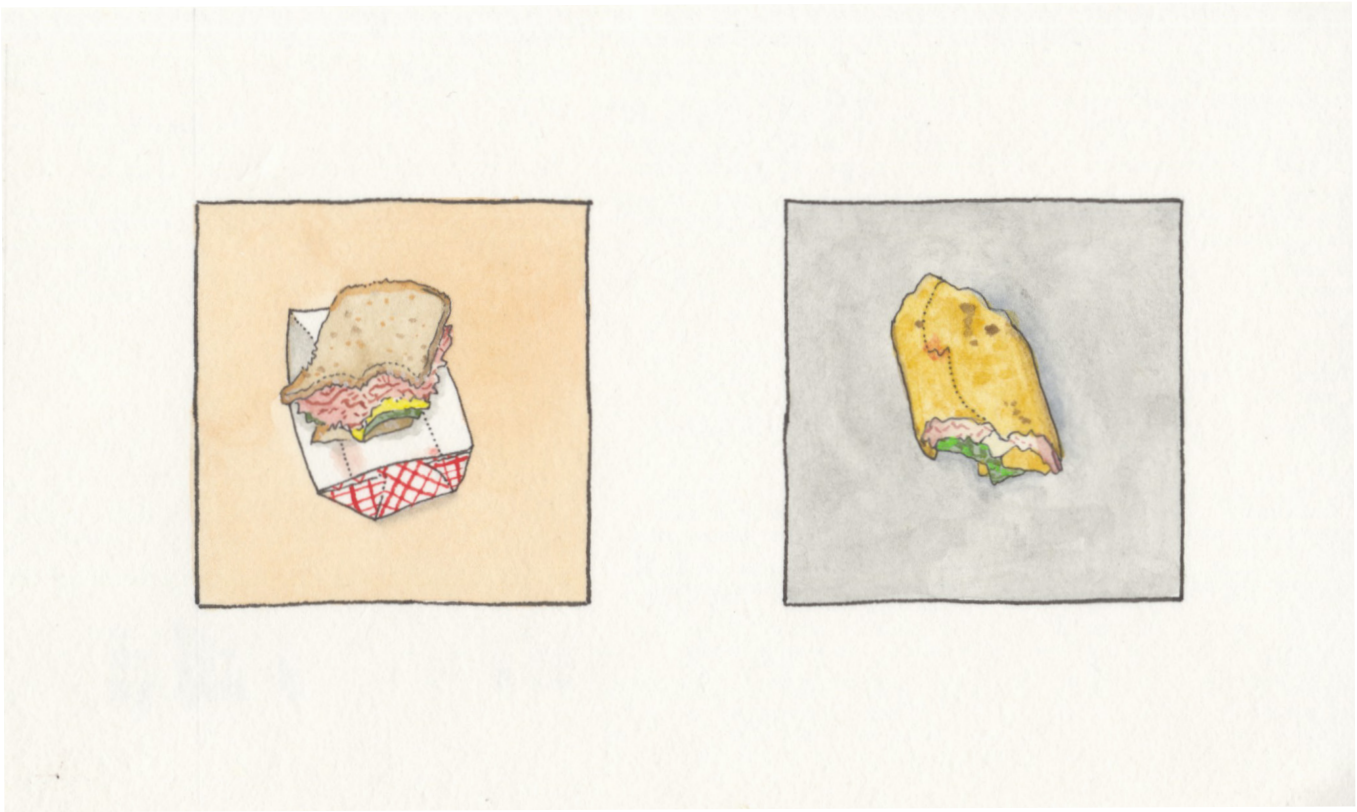
Lindsay Rogers

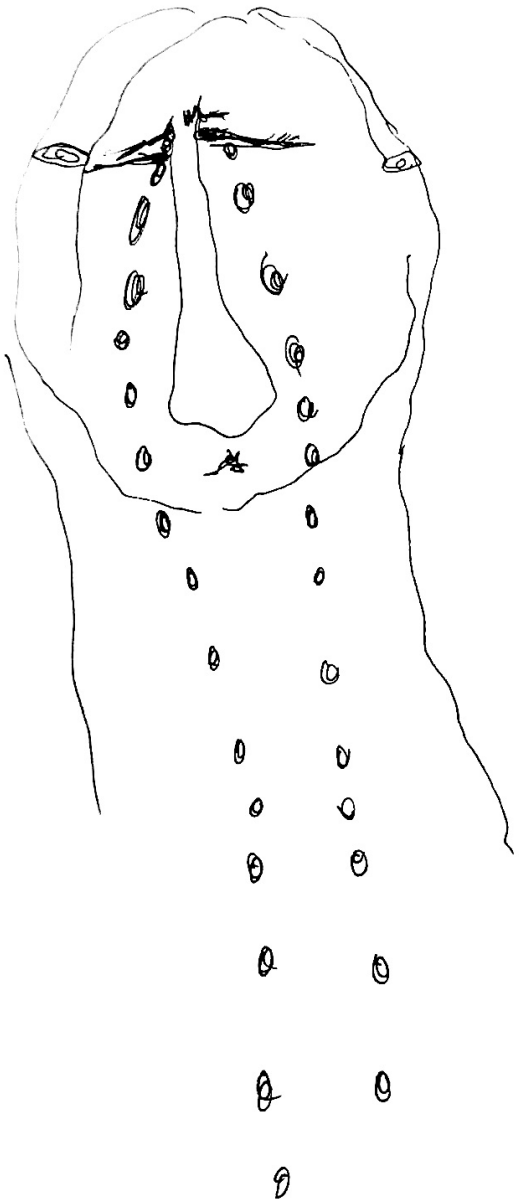


Kaitlyn Cafafarelli

SLAP IT ON LIKE A

SLICE OF KRAFT





SANDWICH JOURNEY

It was a Friday in late January, and there was a light misting in the air– cool, yet not uncomfortable. “It’s similar to the vegetable showers in a grocery store,” said Simone. We were about to embark on what we have dubbed the official “Oregon Voice Sandwich Journey,” in which we sought out the best sandwich in our beloved city of Eugene, Oregon. First annual journey? We hope so. Paige, Oregon Voice Editor in Chief and captain for our journey, promptly delivered us in her white 2016 Volkswagen Jetta to the first location on our itinerary: Jersey Mike’s Subs.

1:49 P.M.

Upon our entrance, we immediately observed intense vibes reverberating from what we could only assume was Mike himself. “Not to Touch the Earth” by The Doors playing over the stereo? An unexpected pick coming from Jersey Mike’s. Livelier than we expected it to be, we got in line with a mass of other hungry, and some quite obviously hungover, college students. We ordered two sandwiches: a classic club and a veggie option for our vegetarian member (Kaitlyn). We sat down and admired the clean space, though we recognized that a table or two could’ve been wiped.

When our sandwiches finally arrived, we couldn't help but notice how tantalizingly plump they looked in their paper packaging. We dove right in. The sandwiches were moist and absolutely juicing with sauces; Simone went as far to say that "It [was] like eating a living organism." Now that's a sandwich. Kaitlyn noted that "They don't skimp on the cheese," and as she was, up until that moment, a Jersey Mike's virgin, this could only be a good thing.

Upon leaving, I still felt the essence of the Jersey Mike's oil on my hands. We left, still hungry for more.

2:37 P.M.

We entered Cheba Hut Toasted Subs, craving more than what Mike had to offer, and boy were our wildest dreams satisfied. As “Say My Name” by Destiny’s Child played, we once again ordered our two sandwiches: the “Midwest Best” (a club sandwich), and for our vegetarian option, the “A-Train” (a mushroom marinara– who knew that existed?). In comparison to Jersey Mike’s, we found the atmosphere of Cheba Hut to be incredibly welcoming and warm: moodier lights, comfortable seating, and beautiful art along the walls depicting some of our favorite characters. Paige found it especially comforting, as “the anxiety of Jersey Mikes was rubbing off on [her].” The Hut was a relief.

Our sandwiches arrived promptly, arranged superbly in baskets with an open-faced presentation. “I’d come in here for a birthday dinner,” said Kaitlyn. High praise indeed. We ate so fast, it was almost impossible to document the experience. There’s something intimate about sharing two sandwiches between five people, and Cheba Hut knew how to cater to that experience.

It was after we left Cheba Hut that we ran into our first obstacle. As we rode down 11th Avenue, cruising with spirits higher than the guy who founded Cheba Hut himself, the vehicle in front of us stopped with alarming speed. Paige, our captain, utilized her expert driving skills and whipped that Jetta back faster than you can say “sandwich.” Crisis averted. Honestly, even if she had rear-ended that car, she is, in fact, a gold star AAA member. Now, onto our last stop.

A-TRAIN

MIDWEST BEST

2:59 P.M.

We entered our final location, Scribles Bistro & Deli, but not without encountering some opposition. Our second obstacle: a woman, meaning well, made her exit from Scribles as we approached its front steps. "It's scary in there," she told us, "It's dark and full of men." For a moment, our team wavered, not knowing if a guardian angel was just sent to us to keep us from making the biggest mistake of our Sandwich Journey. My colleagues talked amongst one another, "Do we do it?" and "I'm not sure if we should go in." But, I knew deep down that that warning was nothing more than an even greater reason to go inside.

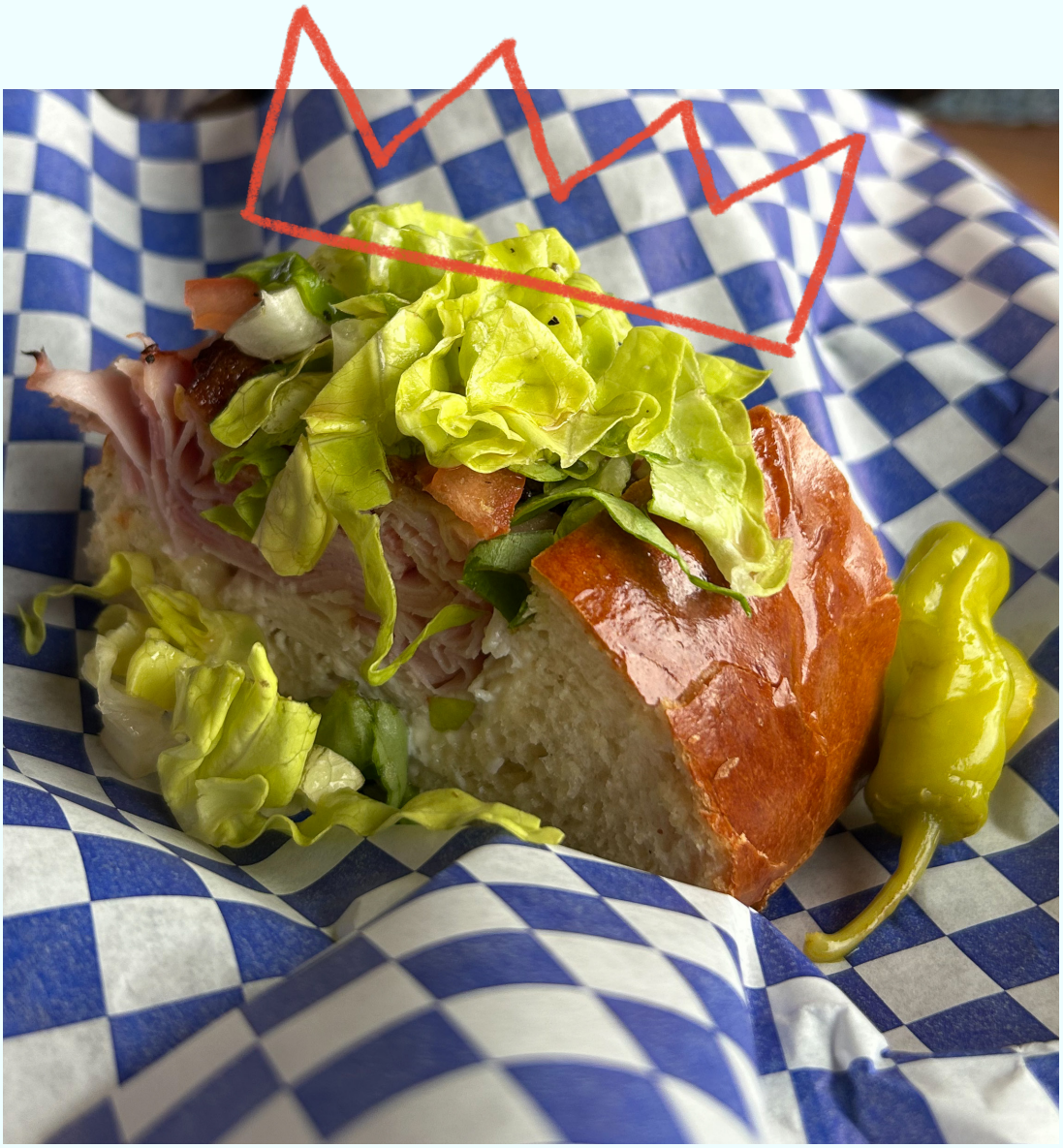
We entered the bistro and the kind woman was not wrong. "Dim as hell," Paige said, as "Badfish" by Sublime played over the restaurant stereo. The restaurant was, in fact, dim as hell and full of men– it felt akin to a bar. So, we ordered drinks. A Boneyard IPA for me and a citrus sour for Tahoe. Glancing at the menu, we noticed *no* vegetarian option. Criminal. Glancing around the restaurant itself, we observed the cook eating a jelly donut. Suspicious? Perhaps. We sat down anyway.

The chairs in Scribles were incredibly plush– the most inviting seating yet. While at first I suspected we were being gender-profiled as five young females when "Master of Puppets" by Metallica played for ten seconds before being switched to a Cigarettes After Sex song, we were absolutely wowed by the customer service we experienced. Our lovely waiter offered to split our club sandwich into quarters *for* us (this was a first on our journey). He brought our slices out on beautifully checkered paper-lined baskets, and let me tell you, those slices were glowing. That man certainly did deserve the jelly donut he was eating.

Our review of the sandwich itself? It HAD the meats. The bread was fluffy, decadent, and had a slight sheen to the crust. It was almost sweet, perhaps a potato bread– we should have asked. "She is the moment," said Tahoe. We came in scared, only to be wowed. I'd have to recommend the bar at Scribles as well, as I think it would be a great place to possibly meet a new significant other at 3:00 P.M. on a Friday– after all, how many places can you say that about?

3:44 P.M.

Finally, our sandwich journey came to a close. After the good time we shared in Scribles Bistro, it was difficult to leave. But, I knew that I'd be back before I knew it again to once again enjoy that sweet, sweet club sandwich. During our car ride home, Simone offered us each a baby orange as a palette cleanser after that wild ride. That being said, we at Oregon Voice think that there's no better palette cleanser than a fat, juicy sandwich.



Sophie Glad

Want to log your sandwich journey?
Check out this sandwich-based
social media app!
(this is not an ad)

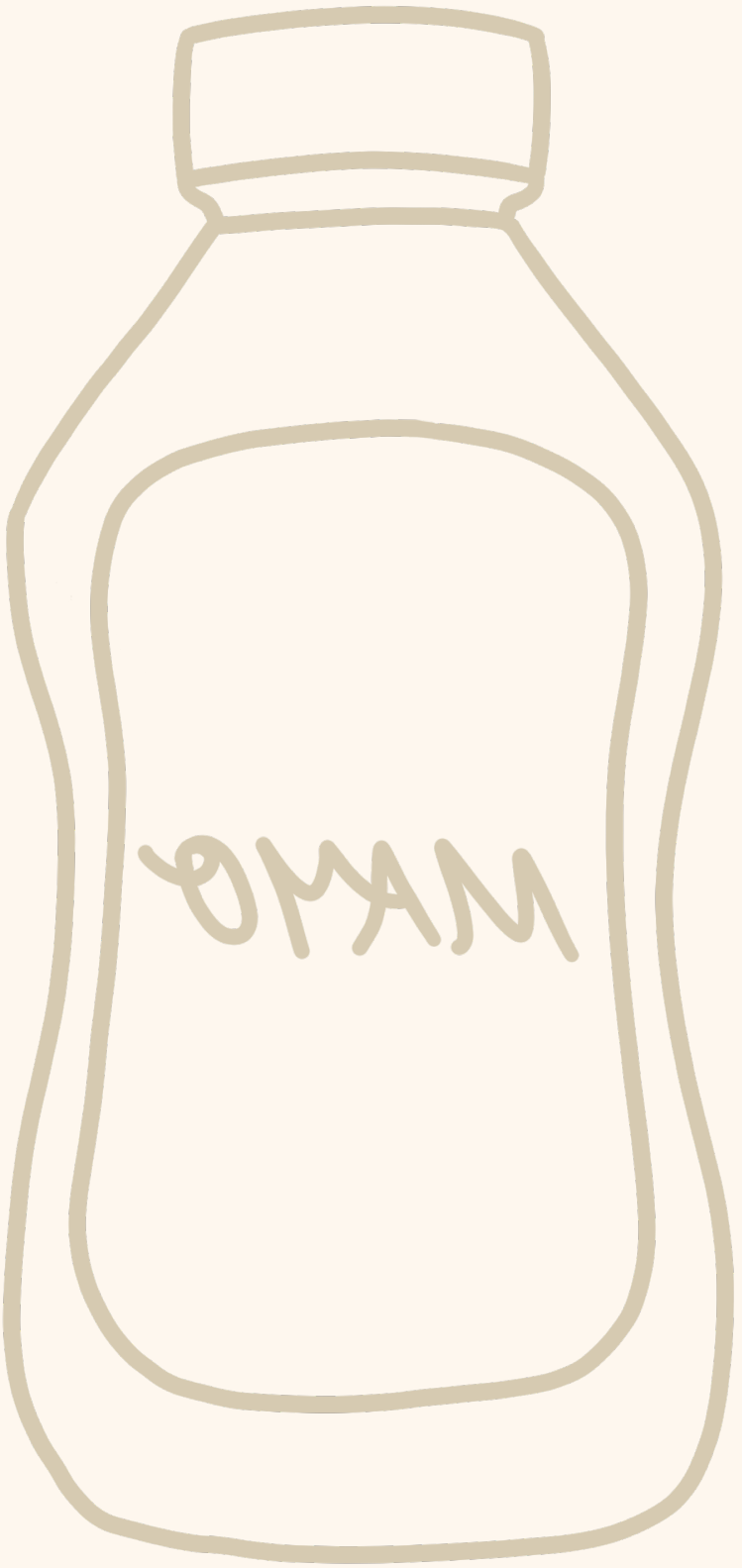
Flesh

I took a bite and
let it slide in my mouth like
a new tongue and
I wanted salt so
I licked the skin and
felt every bump and
my teeth reached for another and
I felt blood on my chin but
I did not mind it so
I took another bite and
another and another and
I found a new tongue in
every moment of the flesh like
the meat of a tomato as it
slides from the skin and
melts under salt and teeth that
bite and want and bite and want and
might give up but never do.

Brianna Sundquist

Eleanor Randl

MAYO


MAMA

A LONG ROAD TRIP

she is driving across
the vermilion-washed bridge
into the red-matching darkness
in the distance.

there is nothing here
to comfort her—
        no passing car,
        no arching moon,
        no hanging stars—

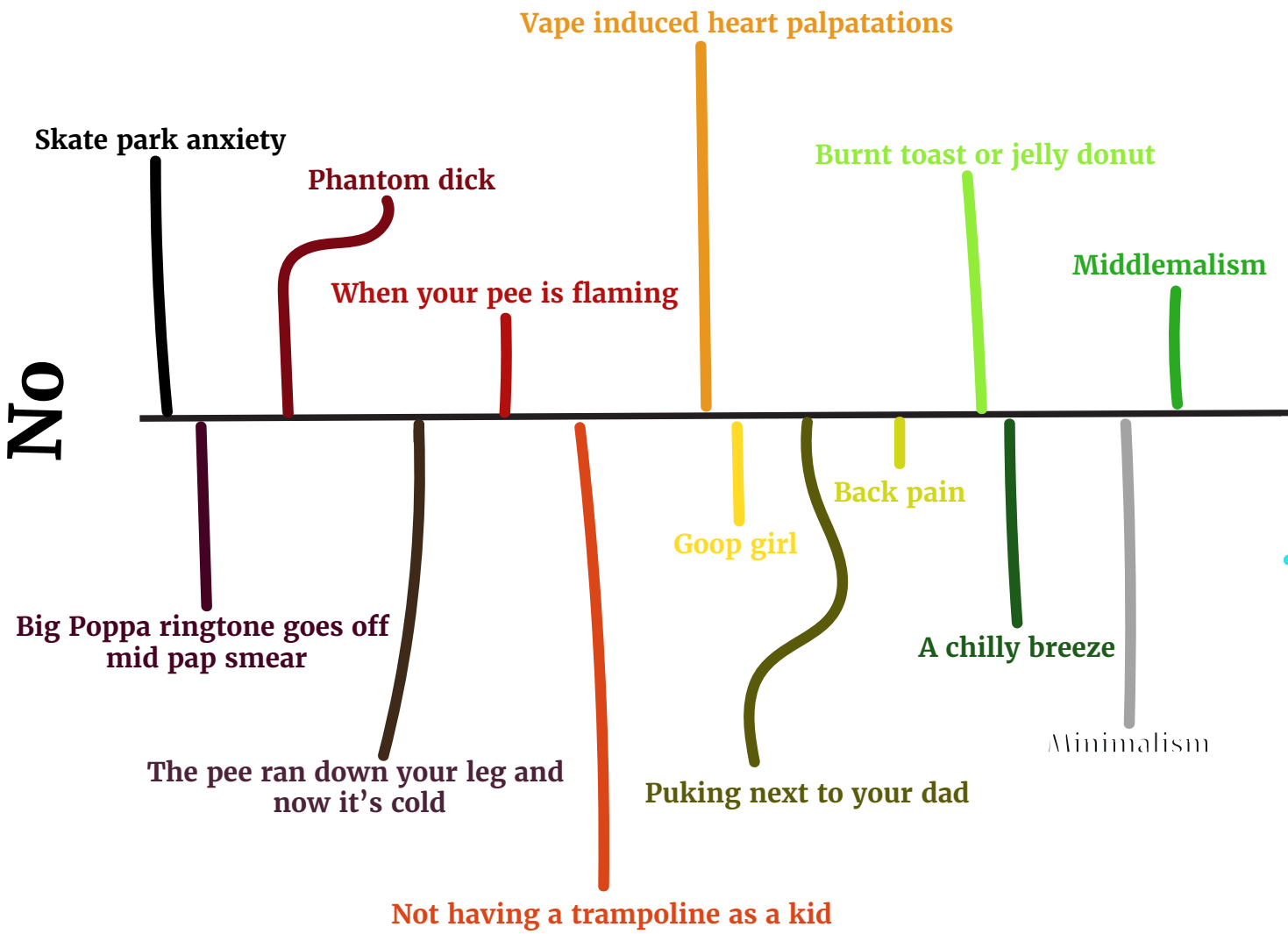
except the memories of him,
in half-taped boxes and
over-stuffed suitcases, before
they sink away with the skyline
from her rear-view mirror.

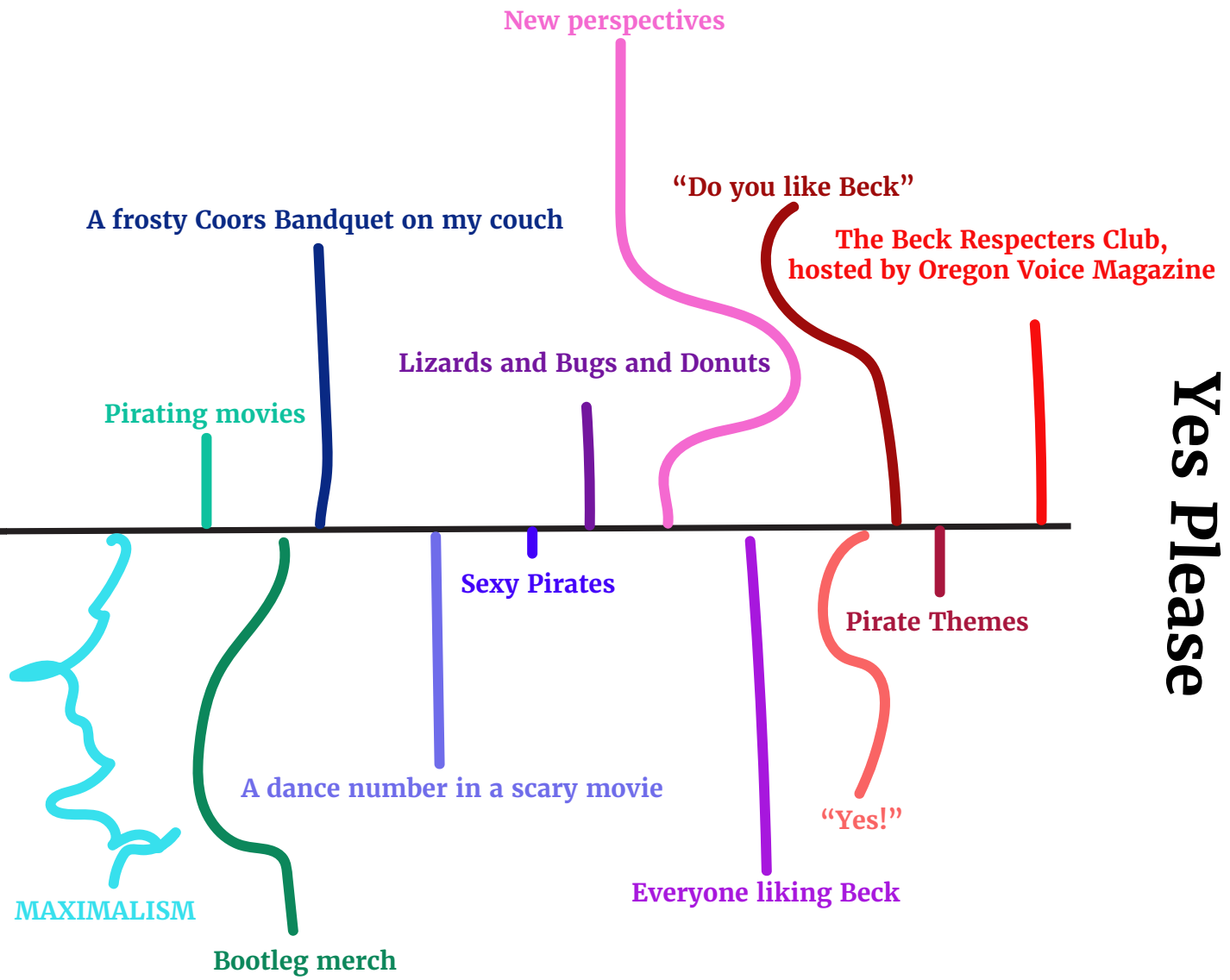
        faint statics crackle
        from her car radio, snapping
        her back to the road—

just in time to pass glances at
the green neon road signs
        waving at her and
        urging her to turn back.

the statics begin to clear,
revealing a croaking voice—

*"...*inaudible noises**...
        this song... is for you..."


No
Skate park anxiety
Phantom dick
When your pee is flaming
Vape induced heart palpatations
Burnt toast or jelly donut
Middlemalism
Back pain
Goop girl
Big Poppa ringtone goes off mid pap smear
The pee ran down your leg and now it's cold
Not having a trampoline as a kid
Puking next to your dad
A chilly breeze
Minimalism


New perspectives
"Do you like Beck"
A frosty Coors Bandquet on my couch
The Beck Respecters Club, hosted by Oregon Voice Magazine
Lizards and Bugs and Donuts
Pirating movies
Yes Please
Sexy Pirates
Pirate Themes
A dance number in a scary movie
"Yes!"
MAXIMALISM
Everyone liking Beck
Bootleg merch

Psalm of Fat Shack

Blessed is the one who eats in the Shack of our Fat
and nourishes their soul in the food courts of our God.

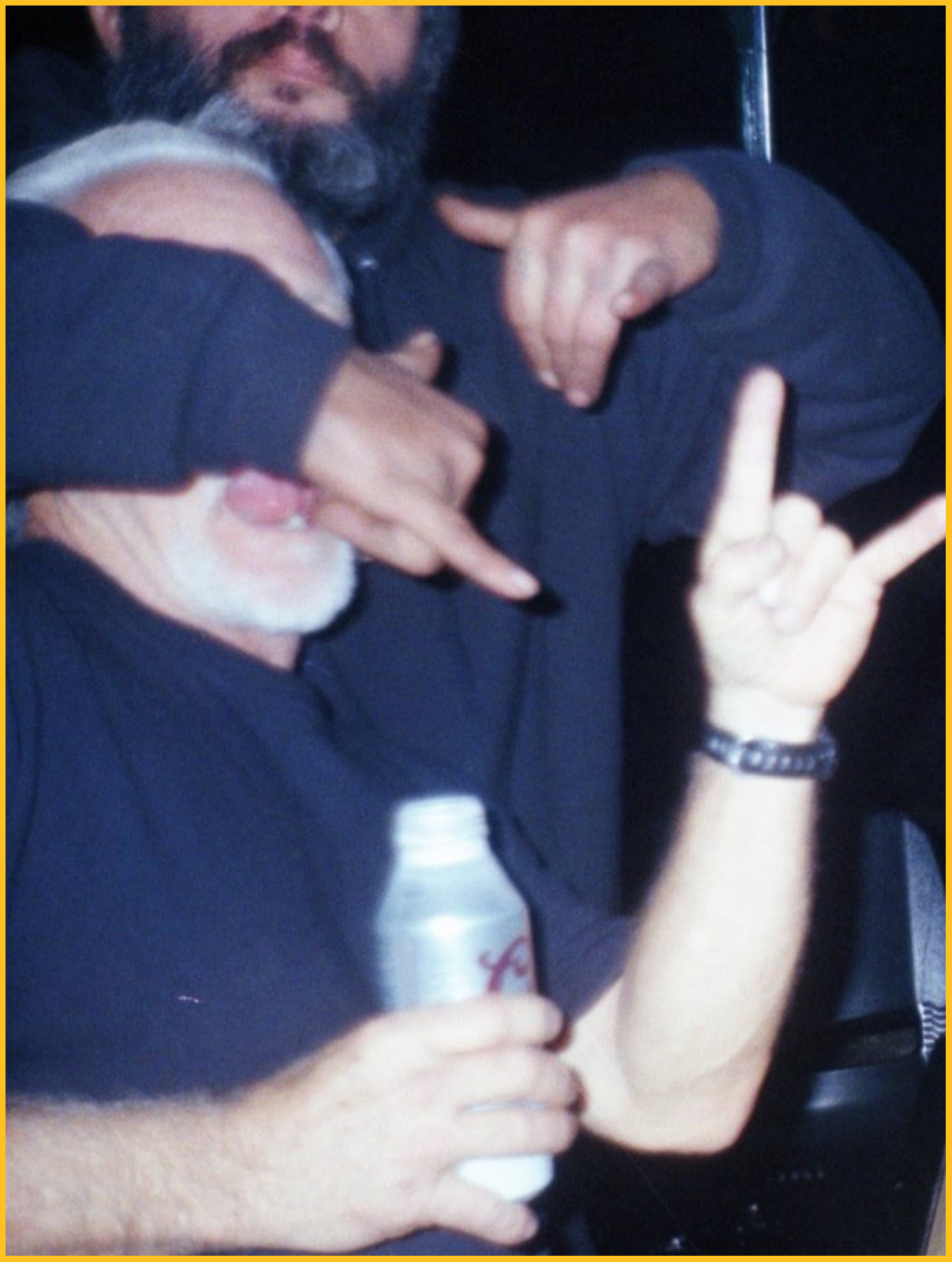
We raise our plastic glasses to gluttony, and, my, is it gluttonous,
eating this sauciness. ‘Tis hard to be flustered when one drowns
in honey mustard. Take us sinners to the Garden State, where Fat Jersey
roams free; that chicken tender, cheesesteak, mozzarella stick monstrosity.

That sandwich alone could feed a sizable city.
No need to weep if we can feed;
when we’re down, Fat Shack lifts our spirits and our calories.

Amen.

JOHN

EXIT



THIS IS
THE FINAL
SLICE